

THE
MASONIC MISCELLANY,

AND

LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

FOR JANUARY, 1822.

No 7.

A MASONIC EULOGY,

*Delivered at Frankfort, Ky. on Thursday, December 5th 1822,
at the request of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Kentucky,
on the characters of the deceased Companions JOHN H.
CRANE, Past Grand Secretary, and ALEXANDER J. MITCHELL,
late King of Frankfort Chapter No. 3, by W. G. HUNT, G. H. P.*

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

It is among the most important and delightful attributes of masonry, that it tends to unite kindred souls, and to increase the sympathies and affections of its votaries. Masonry is not merely empty parade and external show. Important as are our mystic rites and ceremonies, and solicitous as we feel for their judicious performance and unvarying observance, they are valuable only as they contribute to the promotion of the great objects of the order—the cultivation of the purest feelings and most refined affections of our nature. The favourite home of Masonry is in the heart. It is there she delights to dwell, to warm by her genial influence, to enkindle the pure flame of sympathy and love, and to render man, what alas! he is not always disposed to be, the friend and benefactor of his fellow man. She does not indeed always accomplish this, her favorite object. The coldness, the hardness, and the waywardness of the human heart cannot always be subdued even by the warm, melting influence of Heaven-born Masonry. But when we meet around the same sacred altar, when we there together raise the eye of faith, breathe the sigh of hope, and impart the tear of Charity; when we guide the faltering step, or grasp the supporting hand of a brother; when we assume the double tie, pass between the pillars, and observe the significant em-

blems of Peace, Unity and Plenty; when we enter the same sanctum sanctorum, and behold the hand of violence disarmed of its power by the magic of a sign or a word: how strong, how almost irresistible, is the silken cord by which our affections are drawn together! how do our hearts blend their sympathies, and every fibre, as it were, become mutually entwined together! In the higher degrees more especially, is this tendency of our order developed and displayed. We are there taught to be content with our own wages, and to rejoice at the success, instead of envying the reward of a less industrious or less meritorious brother. Having travelled the same rough road of trial, and bent beneath the same royal arch, having passed in triumph the outer courts of the tabernacle, and gained admission within the pure white veil of the sanctuary, we can scarcely fail to feel the influence of that resplendent splendour, which anciently appeared in the bush and shone between the cherubim.

Intimate association in any one common pursuit, especially if it have no tendency to excite jealousy or engender bickerings, is of itself eminently calculated to knit the affections together and to strengthen the ties of friendship. But more especially must this effect be produced, when the object about which we are mutually engaged, is immediately connected with the cultivation of the finer feelings of the heart, and almost exclusively relates to the conquest of the passions and the encouragement of the benevolent affections. No wonder then, that, at this interesting season, when the members of our order are drawn together from every part of our state, to promote the interests of the craft, and to diffuse the sublime and tender, the humane and affectionate principles of masonry,—no wonder we feel disposed to turn back our thoughts to the moments we have heretofore spent in the same delightful occupation, and recal to our recollections the much loved absent friends and companions, by whose labours we were then assisted, by whose smiles we were then cheered. Seldom, alas! at our annual convocations can we cast our eyes back upon the preceding meeting, without having our festivity checked and our enjoyment depressed by the discovery of some melancholy breach, made, during the past year, by the hand of death! When we last assembled in this place in our character of Royal Arch Masons, we were called upon to pay a tribute of unfeigned respect and esteem to the memory of a deceased Grand Treasurer, whose worth had given him a distinguished place in our

affections, and rendered him near and dear to our hearts, Now, alas! our recollections discover *two* places vacant, which we remember to have seen filled with peculiar zeal and ability.

Having been unexpectedly called upon by your solicitations, companions, to appear here on this interesting and melancholy occasion, as the humble organ of your sentiments and feelings, you will, I am sure, excuse any defect either in the arrangement of the thoughts, or in the style of an address, prepared, as this has been, at a few hours' notice amidst the hurry and pressure of other avocations. Nor need I bespeak the indulgence of an audience whose feelings, I trust, are too strongly enlisted in the occasion, to afford any opportunity for cold and heartless criticism. We have met here, my friends, not to attempt an ostentatious display of the language of rhetoric,—not with a view to amuse the fancy, to enkindle the passions, or to please the ear. We have met to express the sincere, unaffected feelings of our hearts, and to portray, in the simple language of truth, the characters of those whom we loved, and who have gone before us, to seek to gain admission within the **Grand Chapter** above. They were not distinguished perhaps for any brilliant achievements or illustrious public services. Their brows were not entwined with the laurels of conquest, or graced by the civic wreath of the statesman, the poet, or the philosopher. Their victories were achieved, and their worth displayed in a more retired, but not less interesting or important sphere of action. In the private circle of friendship, in the round of professional duty, in the family and the neighbourhood, at the fireside and around the masonic altar, their mild but radiant and vivifying lustre was displayed, which the eye could not fail to see, the heart to feel, or the memory to record. Where is the man, I may boldly and confidently ask, who was intimately acquainted with our deceased companion **JOHN H. CRANE**, who did not respect, esteem, and love him? I pretend not to describe him as free from human imperfection, but you, I am sure, will be ready to echo the assertion when I say, that he was a genuine mason in heart and in soul. It was not his practice to enter into engagements which he did not mean to perform, or to assume responsibilities without duly weighing their extent, and being ready to meet and sustain them. In all the duties and relations of life, he felt and acted like a mason. As a friend, he was warm, ardent, and sincere. No false professions of regard ever

polluted his lips—no labours or sacrifices were ever considered too great when called for in the service, or calculated to promote the interest of a friend. This was among the peculiar and most valuable traits of his character. Few men, alas! can be met with in this thorny vale of tears, who, like CRANE, would cheerfully submit to toil and privation for the benefit of his friends. He sometimes even appeared to labour for others with more ardour than for himself. Nor did he make an ostentatious display of his favours, in order as it were to insure a return. He acted in such cases, from the noble, generous impulse of his nature, *without the hope of fee or reward*. He was industrious— indefatigable in business. Labour and exertion seemed to constitute his delight. In his very recreations he engaged with an ardour which seemed to call forth every faculty of his soul and direct it to the attainment of the object before him. As a lawyer he was profound and well informed. He never could remain contented with skimming over the surface of his profession, and attaining merely the results of an investigation. He penetrated with unwearied assiduity and indefatigable research to the very bottom of every subject which arrested his attention. Not satisfied till he had mastered every question in all its details and traced it through all its windings, he could not fail to have amassed a rich and valuable fund of professional and general learning. As a citizen, such a man as I have described him to be, must have been eminently useful. Public spirited, active, and laborious, his services to the community in which he lived were numerous and important. It was not his practice indeed to make an ostentatious display of his suggestions and improvements, but his influence was often felt where it was not immediately discerned, and his labours were frequently profitable without being conspicuous.

As a mason, we, my companions, knew him well, and upon this part of his character it is to us peculiarly delightful to dwell. Can we have forgotten—can we ever forget? his zealous services, his warm, and faithful exertions? Look back but a few months, and behold him in the lodge and the chapter, bustling without being officious, heartily devoted to every interest of the fraternity, imbued with the genuine spirit of the order, anxious to preserve its purity unsullied and labouring to extend the sphere of its usefulness. As a Grand Secretary he was pre-eminently valuable. Systemat-

ic in arrangement, minute in attention to details, ready in discerning defects, and happy in suggesting improvements, he was precisely such a man, as, in the infancy of our Grand Chapter, was peculiarly calculated to establish a system and to mark out a way for his successors.

In the lodge, the chapter, the encampment, wherever we met with him, he was the same zealous, active, hearty mason, candid indeed and open to conviction, but firm, resolute & unwavering in the prosecution of what appeared to him the path of duty. To some perhaps he may occasionally have appeared as unnecessarily scrupulous and overweeningly particular. But if he erred in this respect, it was from the best and noblest of motives, and, may I not add? it was erring, if at all, on the safest and most excusable side. There was no bitterness or asperity in his character. He overflowed with the milk of human kindness. His great object seemed to be to promote the happiness of those by whom he was surrounded, and to render himself useful to his friends and to the community. Such was our late companion JOHN H. CRANE. That he had no enemies I dare not assert, for what worthy man shall we find any where without them! But this I can truly say, that in all my associations with those who knew him well, I have never met with one who was disposed to defame his character or to pronounce him unworthy of the highest regard. In short, in closing this hasty sketch of the character of our departed friend, I may emphatically repeat the assertion with which I commenced it, that he was, in heart and in soul, as well as by profession and practice, a genuine mason.

The painful and yet grateful task which we have assembled to perform, is as yet but half completed. Death has, during the past summer, been unusually lavish of his darts and peculiarly severe in the selection of his victims. Within the little circle of our Grand Chapter, one distinguished and highly valued member did not suffice. The blow was repeated, and regardless of the shock which our association might sustain, as well as of the painful blow which numerous personal friends and even an extensive community might experience, the grim tyrant has levelled to the dust, the profound lawyer and the skilful physician, two valuable and useful citizens, two illustrious and conspicuous masons. Of our late companion ALEXANDER J. MITCHELL, it can scarcely be necessary, before a Frankfort audience, to speak in extensive detail. He was known perhaps, intimately known,

to almost all who hear me. Years of close and constant association have enabled you to know and to feel his worth, far more strongly than it is in my power to describe it. In the exercise of a profession, which affords the most favourable and constantly recurring opportunities for the display of all the kind and gentle affections of our nature, which calls forth in all their energy and beauty the sympathies and tender emotions of the heart, he has developed a character which will not soon be forgotten in this community, and which, I fear, any attempt on my part to describe, will be, in comparison with your conviction of the truth, faint, languid, and heartless. Suffice it then to say, he was an amiable, philanthropic, generous friend, a skilful and enlightened physician, a public spirited and active citizen, a hearty and devoted mason. Those who have partaken of his kind and sooth-ing attentions when on the bed of sickness; those who witnessed his life of active, unoffending usefulness; those who have felt and experienced the warm devotion of his generous nature, his noble and disinterested soul, can best appreciate his retired, unostentatious worth. Beloved, sincerely and ardently beloved, not in his family circle only, but by a whole community of which he has the joy and delight, his loss could not fail to be deeply felt and most sincerely deplored. The pang, which has been given to his numerous relatives and connexions, has been, no doubt, incalculably severe. He was the stay and the staff of a large and hopeful family; he was the delight and the comfort of an extensive circle within which he shone, as it were like the sun in the firmament. His sudden and lamentable death has therefore created a void, which time only can render tolerable, and which even that kind and unfailing restorative will be slow in supplying. While therefore I would turn without the power of affording consolation, from those whom the ties of consanguinity had closely united with our deceased friend, permit me briefly to notice the loss which has been sustained by the Masonic fraternity, by the Grand Chapter of this state, and especially by the individual chapter of which he was an eminent and valuable officer.

The pride, the joy, and the hope of masonry reside in her worthy and distinguished votaries. The loss of such men is always a severe and afflicting calamity. Their place, alas! it is too often difficult, sometimes even impossible to supply. Such men as companion MITCHELL are ornaments to the fraternity, & reflect a lustre on Masonry itself. No wonder then that Ma-

sonry mourned, when Mitchell died. We, my companions, who have assembled at the present annual convocation of the Grand Chapter of the state, have felt the void which his absence has occasioned, and can scarcely fail to have called to our recollection the interest and satisfaction which on similar occasions heretofore his grateful presence has afforded. But to the members of Frankfort Chapter No. 3, the sudden loss of a most amiable and much loved companion is painfully severe. Long will they bear in mind his zealous devotion to the institution, his cheering and grateful smiles, his interesting and animating presence. Long may they revere his character and feel the happy influence of his valuable example. Was the Masonic Fraternity exclusively composed of men like CRANE and MITCHELL, how unspotted would be its reputation, how extensive its influence, how noble its effects!

And now, my companions, where shall we look for consolation amidst the gloom with which the repeated stroke of death has thus involved us? Masonry herself will furnish an answer. How delightful is the reflection, that those friends whom we have lost, have but gone, a little while before us, to that Grand Chapter, where the *Shekinah* is unveiled in all its indescribable lustre, and where an eternity of mutual labours and enjoyments will be opened before us. Our friends and companions are not, we trust, permanently lost. When we shall have completed our journey over the rough and rugged path of life, when we shall have followed them, as in a short time we all certainly shall, through the dark and gloomy valley of the shadow of death; when we shall have passed in safety through the outer courts, by the aid of those due guards and pass words which all good Masons are enabled to obtain, when we shall have gained admission within the pure white veil of the sanctuary on high, and stand the test of the examination of the Supreme Grand Council, we may there hope to meet again the cheering and grateful smiles of CRANE and of MITCHELL, and enjoy, amidst the unrivalled lustre of that celestial region, the refreshing manna,

• "Such as the Saints in glory love,
And such as Angels eat."

How animating, how soul-inspiring the thought, that our past Grand Secretary, "having completed the *record* of his transactions here below, and finished the term of his probation, has, ere this, been admitted into the celestial Grand Chapter and found his name recorded in the book of life e-

ternal!" How cheering is the hope that the late King of Frankfort Chapter, "having been stimulated to the faithful discharge of his duties while here below, has now, when the King of Kings has summoned him into his immediate presence, received from his hand a *crown* of Glory which shall never fade away." Let us then, my companions, who still survive, be solicitous to attain such a perfection in our humble and inferior degrees, as to be found worthy of admission into the sanctuary on high. Let us labour to attain the passes and tokens, that when we reach the veils of the tabernacle, we may not be refused an entrance, that having passed through the preparatory labours, we may be permitted to participate in the last libation, and be invested with the pure white robe of the lamb. How interesting, how delightful is this train of contemplation! Is it then a substantial truth, and no vision or allegory, that friends who have left us, are only waiting to greet us on the threshhold of their heavenly abode? Are we destined, after a few short years, or months, or days, to meet again, to recognize, and to enjoy our departed companions? Have we a well founded hope that Crane and Mitchell are still alive, and partaking of far more extensive and enrapturing sources of enjoyment than we are indulged with here below? Such is the dictate of Scripture, such the assurance of Masonry. Why then should we mourn their loss? They have but entered upon a more extensive field of usefulness. The active, ardent CRANE, the amiable, philanthropic MITCHELL are still, we trust, engaged in valuable and interesting labours, in the cultivation of the best affections of their nature, and the participation of the noblest and richest enjoyments. Perhaps they are even permitted, on this interesting occasion, to look down with satisfaction on this assembly of their friends, and to sympathize with grateful emotions in the recollections and the hopes which it calls forth and inspires. Let us then evince our sincere respect and love for their memories by emulating their worth, and imitating their examples. Let us, each individually, labour, with unwearied assiduity to perform our respective duties, that thus we may be enabled to look forward, with unwavering confidence, to a glorious and interminable reward.

GREAT MASONIC EXHIBITION.

BALTIMORE, November 30, 1822.

A handsome new building, situated on St. Paul's Lane, near Church street, was dedicated yesterday with the solemn ceremonies customary on such occasions. The various subordinate *Lodges* in the city attached to the Grand Lodge of Maryland, the *Grand Royal Arch Chapter* of the state of Maryland and District of Columbia, and the *Grand Lodge of Maryland*, took the line of procession from the Rev. Dr. Glendy's Church yesterday morning between ten and eleven o'clock, in the order which had been previously announced. The procession moved from the Church through Baltimore street to Howard street; thence, up Howard to Franklin; thence, through Franklin to Charles, and, thence, to St. Paul's Church. When the front of the procession reached the Church, the brethren halted, and faced inward. The Grand Lodge, according to ancient usage, then entered first, the other Lodges following according to seniority.

The service in the Church was commenced with a Voluntary on the Organ by Mr. Meineke, and after the Brethren were seated, the Choir sung the following Hymn:

Lord of life, all praise excelling,
 Thou in Glory unconfined,
 Deign'st to make thy humble dwelling
 With the poor of humble mind.
 As thy love through all creation
 Beams like thy diffusive light,
 So the scorn'd and humble station
 Shrinks before thine equal sight.

Thus thy care, for all providing,
 Warmed thy faithful prophet's tongue,
 Who the lot of all deciding,
 To thy chosen Israel sung:
 When thine harvest yields thee pleasure,
 Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind,
 To the poor belongs the treasure
 Of the scatter'd ears behind.

CHORUS. These thy God ordains to bless,
 The widow and the fatherless.

When thine olive plants increasing,
 Pour their plenty o'er thy plain,

Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,
But not search the bow again.

CHORUS. These, &c.

When thy favored vintage flowing,
Gladdens thy autumnal scene,
Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
But thy vines the poor shall glean.

CHORUS. These, &c.

Still we read thy word declaring
Mercy Lord thine own decree;
Mercy every sorrow sharing,
Warms the heart resembling thee.

Still the orphan and the stranger,
Still the widow owns thy care,
Screen'd by thee in every danger,
Heard by thee in every prayer.

HALLELUJAH. AMEN.

Prayers were then offered to the Throne of Grace by the Rev. Dr. Wyatt, Grand Chaplain.

The Choir then sung the following anthem, the music of which was composed by Mr. C. Meineke.

TRIO. O praise the Lord in that blest place,
From whence His goodness largely flows;
Praise him in Heaven, where he his face,
Unveil'd in perfect Glory shows.

CHORUS. Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf has done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

SOLO. Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound;
DUO. Praise him with harp's melodious noise,
And gentle psaltry's silver sound.

Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring,
And some with graceful motion dance;
CHORUS. Let instruments of various string,
With organs join'd, his praise advance.

Let them who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise;
Cymbals of common use, and those
That loudly sound on solemn days.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford
In just returns of praise employ:
Let every creature praise the Lord.

The Right Worshipful Grand Master, General William H. Winder, then arose, and delivered an eloquent and appropriate address, which we feel assured was listened to with unqualified delight by every individual in the church.

The Choir then sung the following Masonic Ode, written by John Pattison, Esq. The music by Mr. J. Cole.

When darkness brooded o'er the deep,
When Nature lay enchain'd—asleep,
Or in sad silence roll'd;
'Twas by the WORD the day-star glowed,
And light and life together flow'd,
Upon the blushing world.

CHORUS. { All living struck their untuned lays,
{ And echo first awoke in praise.

Ere the great ARCHITECT on high,
Had fix'd, in radiant Masonry,
The Iris Arch so bright;
Our CRAFT by wise mysterious laws,
Had passed the word—had sealed the cause,
Which MASONS still unite.

CHORUS. { While the broad Earth shall Eastward turn,
{ Our Lamp of TRUTH shall lambent burn.

As that bright ARCH still glads our eyes,
And decorates the scowling skies;
The pledge of heaven to earth;
So may our TEMPLE rise to bless,
The Widow and the Fatherless,
And shelter wand'ring worth.

CHORUS. { As Hagar's prayer was heard on high
{ The exile here shall cease to sigh.

Wine, Corn and Oil, we've pour'd upon
The Mason's hope—the Corner-Stone;
Let Brethren breathe—**AMEN!**

Meek CHARITY attends with LOVE;
While WISDOM, STRENGTH, and BEAUTY, prove,
The Pillars of our Fane.

CHORUS. Bless thou the work, our MASTER dread,
 Who hath the Earth's foundations laid.

The Church service was closed with a benediction by the Rev. Grand Chaplain; when the procession retired from the Church, observing the order in which it had first set out. It moved down Charles to Market street—thence to St. Paul's Lane, and thence to the HALL. The order of entrance into the Hall was the same as that observed at the Church—the Grand Lodge taking precedence. The interesting ceremonies of dedicating the edifice to the Grand Architect of the Universe, and to Masonry—to Virtue and Science—to Universal Charity and Benevolence, then took place in solemn form. After the conclusion of these, the fraternity separated.

The favourable state of the weather, the elegance of the banners and decorations, and the respectability of the unusually large number of Masons who marched in procession, all tended to promote that impressive character which so properly appertained to the solemn occasion.

A MASONIC SERMON,

*Delivered at Nicholasville Ky. on the 27th of December 1822,
By Brother C. W. CLOUD.*

(PUBLISHED BY REQUEST)

1. CORINTHIANS; 13 CHAPTER AND 13 VERSE.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three: but the greatest of these is *Charity*.

Brother: In celebrating the anniversary of ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST, who was not only a distinguished patron of masonry, but also an eminent apostle of Jesus Christ, we deem it appropriate to our present design, to introduce and illustrate the doctrines contained in the text, as being intimately connected with masonry, as well as with christianity, and emphatically preached by St. John himself, for about seventy-five years of his life. At the age of twenty five, he became a disciple of Jesus Christ, and was an eye and ear witness of most of his miracles and divine discourses. He was with him in his transfiguration, and in his agony in Gethsemane, he witnessed his death on the cross, and in obe-

dience to his request, at that time, took to his own house, and under his protection, the holy virgin, and took care of her till the day of her death, which is supposed to have taken place about fifteen years after the crucifixion. He was among the first witnesses of the resurrection and of the ascension of Jesus Christ, and took part in all the transactions relative to the church, previous to the day of Pentecost. In this time he partook with the other apostles of the mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit, by which he was eminently qualified for the place he was destined to hold in the Christian church, in which he remained a faithful minister till his death, which is said to have taken place at Ephesus the Metropolis of Asia Minor. Previously however, he suffered persecution, banishment, and, we might add, martyrdom, being once immersed in a chaldrone of boiling oil at Rome, from which he escaped unhurt, and was afterwards banished to the isle of Patmos in the Ægean sea, where he wrote the *Apocalypse*. Domitian, the Roman Emperor, his principal persecutor, having been slain, St. John, together with other exiles, was recalled by Nerva his successor, and continued to preach the gospel of Christ till he was upwards of an hundred years old; and when he was so infirm, from old age, that he could not walk, his custom was to be carried to the church, and when he could not deliver a longer discourse, he used, with his faltering voice, to repeat, "*My dear children, love one another:*" thus recognizing and enforcing this divine doctrine taught first by the Lord, and confirmed to us by those that heard him; and at the same time giving to us additional evidence of the truth of St. Paul's assertion in the words of our text, namely, that charity or love is the greatest of all christian virtues. "Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three: but the greatest of these is charity."

The history of the divine dispensation towards the children of men affords a subject of most interesting contemplation. In it God is represented as the Grand Architect of the moral, as well as the natural world, in which his designs towards men, originating in love, are drawn in wisdom and executed with power, and are represented to us on the grand *trestle board* or book of divine revelation, as the proper rule of our faith and our practice, and we are thereby called upon to be workers together with him in the erection of a holy temple, a spiritual building, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, and as the materials for building this house of God, are to be collected from amongst the ruins of the fallen world, great pains is taken by this

wise master builder to remove the rubbish occasioned by the fall of the first temple of purity and innocence, in order to lay a permanent foundation for the new, in which each faithful mason, each holy christian is represented as a living stone fitted and prepared by the author of our salvation, to offer spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God, and in order to pave the way and to prepare the minds of men the better to understand the nature and design of this plan of salvation, various types and shadows or patterns, were, by divine appointment, introduced in order to illustrate the promises of God first made to Adam, renewed to Abraham, and confirmed to David, which together with its appendages became the subject of faith in God, the foundation of hope in immortality, and taught men to love God because he first loved us, and to love our neighbour as ourselves. In order to make this subject still plainer to men, Moses was called to the summit of Mount Sinai, where, in conference with the Supreme Architect, he was shown the pattern by which he was directed to make the Tabernacle, which was designed as a shadow of heavenly things, and Moses was admonished of God when he was about to make it, "See that thou makest all things according to the pattern shown thee in the Mount." This tabernacle was a *Temple* in miniature, and served as a model, by which the house of the Lord, the Temple at Jerusalem was afterwards built by King Solomon; all of which things, together with the sacrifices, and other ceremonies accompanying them, were illustrative of a still greater display of divine goodness, about to be made to the sons and daughters of Adam, in the complete fulfilment of the promise made to them in the garden of Eden; which promise had not lost its force by the lapse of four thousand years, but in the fullness of time was accomplished, in the advent of Jesus Christ, at which time angels are commissioned from Heaven to proclaim peace to the earth, good will to men, glad tidings and great joy to all people, for, say they, unto you a Saviour is born. Great is the mystery of Godliness: God is manifest in the flesh, the *word* is made flesh and dwells among us, and we, says St. John, beheld his glory as the glory of the only begotten son of God, full of grace and full of truth. He came to redeem us from under the curse of the law we had broken, he bears our iniquities in his own body on the tree, and by his stripes we are healed; and at the foot of his cross, the Jewish high priests are by divine authority destined at once to yield these sacrifices, and to surrender the charter under which they had offered them; they being

only designed as types of which this was the prototype, or shadows of which this was the substance. There was therefore thenceforth no more need for types or shadows, which were from that time lopped off as surplus appendages to our holy religion; while *Faith* in God, *Hope* in immortality, and *Charity* to all mankind, were retained as cardinal virtues, comprising the whole duty of man.

FAITH is said by St. Paul, to be the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen. By it the elders obtained a good report; through faith we understand the worlds were framed by the *word of God*, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear. By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts: and by it he being dead yet speaketh.

By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death, and was not found because God had translated him, for before his translation he had this testimony that he pleased God. But without faith it is impossible to please him, for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of all those who diligently seek him. After this apostle has enumerated very many worthies who had been influenced by this divine principle, he adds, that time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak, of Sampson, and of Jeptha, and of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, &c. Abraham it is said, believed God, and his faith was counted to him for righteousness; therefore, says the apostle of the Gentiles, being justified by faith we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, and we rejoice in HOPE of the glory of God. Thus we see how by faith we may realise the best promises of God and that it is to us the substance of things *hoped for*, the evidence of things not seen; and while we bow in holy adoration to that God who has devised and preserved for men this medium of access to himself, we cannot but admire the affinity that Masonry sustains to this heaven-born principle, while we behold each of its votaries prostrate at its altars, making profession of their faith in God, who has promised to bring the blind by a way that they knew not, and to lead them in paths they had not known, thus making darkness light before them, and crooked things straught.

Now remaineth *Faith, Hope, and Charity*, these three.—*Hope*, appears to be made up of desire and expectation. Without these two ingredients it is impossible for hope to exist. One of them alone does not produce hope; we may desire an object that we do not expect to obtain, therefore we cannot hope for it, however desirable it may be. Again we may expect certain events that we do not desire, therefore do not hope for their accomplishment. All men desire happiness, but it is impossible for a rational man to expect to be happy while he pursues a course that he knows must render him unhappy; therefore, all men cannot rationally hope to be happy; if for instance we should desire to go to a place that lay due east or west from where we are, we could not expect, as rational men, to reach that place by travelling a north course.

If you, my brethren, would be numbered with those who have *hope* in immortality and eternal life, as brought to light by the gospel of Jesus Christ; you must have faith in God, since without faith it is impossible to please him, and if we do not please God, how can we rationally expect to be accepted of him. By a strict observance of the land-marks laid down in the grand charter of our salvation, we shall discover that we have all sinned and come short of the glory of God, and that he commands all men every where to repent, and to have faith in God, to believe in Jesus Christ as the only name given under heaven among men by which they can be saved. We are also directed, as you have been frequently told, to seek that we may find, to knock that it may be opened unto us. If therefore, we desire to be eternally happy, and pursue the course that heaven has directed us to walk in, we may rationally expect to attain to that happiness, and the faith we have in God will justify us in the enjoyment of that *hope* which is as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast. And now remaineth *Faith, Hope, and Charity*, these three, but the greatest of these is *Charity*.

Charity, says our context, suffereth long and is kind; *Charity* envieth not, *Charity* vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own praise, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. *Charity* never faileth. St. Paul advises, "above all things to put on *Charity*, which is the bond of perfectness." It unites God to man, and man to his fellows, and men again to God.

Many translators have preferred the word love instead of charity, as we read it in the translation of our text. Love, says Paul, is the fulfilling of the law, and when Jesus Christ was asked which was the greatest commandment in the law, he said thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy mind, and adds—this is the first and great commandment, and the second is like unto it—thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, and on these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. Thus we see that the love of God and the love of man comprise all the duties enjoined in our holy religion; and if we would require any further illustration of charity or love, St. John has told us that this is the *love of God* that we keep his commandments, and his commandments are not grievous. It is vain for us, my brethren, to talk of what we believe, or of our favourite creeds in religion, unless we love God and keep his commandments, for Jesus Christ has said, not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my father who is in heaven, and by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another. St. John says, he that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love; and again, beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another; and again, this commandment we have from him, that he who loveth God, love his brother also; and again, we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him; and we are bound to love God because he first loved us, and St. Paul says, though I have all *faith*, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. St. James says, pure religion and undefiled before God, and the father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their afflictions, and to keep himself unspotted from the world; and again, what doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith and hath not works, can faith save him? if a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food and one say unto them depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit? And St. John says, whoso hath this world's goods and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion against him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth.

Charity, or the love of God and the love of man, compris-

es all the duties of our holy religion. To love God and to keep his commandments, are synonymous terms, and Jesus Christ has said "a new commandment I give unto you, that ye should love one another, even as I have loved you." To love one another, and to love our neighbour as ourselves are commandments as old as the Mosaic law; but to love one another *as Christ has loved us*, to love our enemies, to do good to them that despitefully use us, is a new commandment and the most sublime principle of morality ever taught, and to secure its advantages to society, the divine author of our salvation has intimately connected our individual and personal happiness with this philanthropic principle and practice, by directing us to pray to our Heavenly Father to forgive our trespasses *as we forgive those that trespass against us*, we are directed also to forgive even as we have been forgiven. We, my brethren, are not left then to fix limits to this holy charity that heaven has designed to influence our conduct, but to forgive, not till seven times only but until seventy times seven. We should therefore consider every offence committed against us, as accompanied by an order from heaven to forgive the offender. Our holy preceptor, while in the agony of death, prayed for the forgiveness of those that were his murderers, and he commands us also to love our enemies. To say then that we will not forgive an offender until he has made atonement to us for his offence, is to say in effect that we will not love God, since to love him is to keep his commands. It is moreover to say that we will not accept of his forgiveness, since we are authorised only to ask or expect forgiveness, as we forgive those that trespass against us.

We are furthermore bound to consider every object of charity presented to our view, as a draft upon us, drawn by the Almighty himself, in favour of the bearer: and we, as his stewards are requested to honour the draft and thereby to ameliorate the condition of our fellow men as well as to evince our love and obedience to God. I do not pretend, my brethren, in this age of light, in this dispensation of the gospel, to separate the duties of the christian and the mason. Each professes *faith* in the same God, *hope* in the same immortality, and *charity* to all mankind, each takes for the rule of their faith and practice the same Holy Bible, the word of God, by which life and immortality are brought to light; each and all are called upon to behold how great love God hath bestowed upon us, and are permitted to be called the children of God upon the same principle and, are equally bound to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to

visit the afflicted, and to keep themselves unspotted from the world. In the performance of those religious and masonic duties we are permitted to imitate our father who is in heaven, who causeth his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and his rain to descend on the just and on the unjust; nor dare we boast, when we have performed them, than we have done more than it is our duty to do. We owe those acts of benevolence and charity to God, but as it is impossible for us, by any act of ours, to increase his essential happiness or glory, he has, in condescension to our infirmities, permitted us in his name to reciprocate those services with our fellow men, and has assured us that in the day of general retribution they shall be acknowledged by him as rendered to himself, saying, inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, my friends, ye have done it unto me. Thus we see that interest is combined with obligation to prompt us to the diligent performance of those sacred duties both devotional and social, and they are strongly impressed on our memory, as masons and as christians. And now abideth *faith, hope, charity*, these three, but the greatest of these is *Charity*. This superlative excellence is given to charity, or love, because it approximates nearest to the divine character and renders all those who are influenced by its holy principles, acceptable to God, through Jesus Christ, who is the author of all good, and to whom alone we are ultimately amenable for the use we make of the talents with which he has invested us in this world; let it therefore be our chief care to please him, by keeping his holy commandments, which St. John has told us is the love of God, and when we are called to appear before him in judgment, may our works be approved and may we be admitted as members of the GRAND LODGE above. Amen.

*From the Masonic Register.***INSTRUCTION AND DICIPLINE.**

The following extract from a sermon delivered by the reverend Mr. Beede, a number of years since, is deserving the careful perusal of every person who has been initiated into the mysteries of freemasonry; but it more particularly claims the attention of those, who have been selected by their brethren, as masters, or other officers. Sentiments more pure, never proceeded from the lips or pen of any finite. Were these sentiments carefully studied, and strictly practised by the guardians of the craft, those in subordinate,

situations, would follow their example, and our beloved institution would appear to the world, in all its original usefulness and respectability, and the shafts of malevolence, bigotry, and superstition, might be pointed at it vain.

"The first business of masons, in ancient times, was to divide the members of the order into distinct classes, rising in grades one above another, according to their respective degrees of merit.

It was the duty of masters and officers, to dispense instruction, to provide employment, and to secure to the labourer his wages, as they became due. It was their business also, to examine persons, and recommend them to such employments as were adapted to their capacities and qualifications, to the end, that business of importance might never be intrusted to the unskilful or faithless.

All persons belonging to the lodge, and in particular, candidates for masonic honours, were obliged to be industrious and frugal, that they might not only support themselves, but lay up something for charitable purposes. Great care was taken to encourage the lower grades to make proficiency in labour, learning and morality. Such as excelled were promoted; and as often as promoted, entitled to higher wages, and more desirable employments.

A plan so happily concerted, and so ably executed, could not fail of producing the most beneficial effects. Lodges at once became schools of science, and nurseries of virtue. None but honest, industrious, and skilful workmen, or those who discovered a disposition of becoming so, could be encouraged; but all such persons under the protection of the fraternity, were sure to find employment, and reward, according to their rank.

But in process of time, when the mechanic arts were carried to a high degree of perfection, and were generally known in all civilized countries, and of course needed no extraordinary patronage, the mechanical branch of this institution gradually yielded to the moral. So that freemasonry, in modern times, may properly be called a moral science; and the meetings of lodges, may, with the same propriety, be called "feasts of charity," it being their great object, to teach and enforce the observance of piety and benevolence. Veneration for God, and love to the human kind, are among their fundamental principles. And by means of a universal language, and a number of salutary rites and regulations peculiar to the order, they are able to maintain mutual harmony and friendship, and to carry on a free and general com-

merce of virtuous principles, and benevolent offices, throughout the world.

Hence we see the importance of the masonic institution under the present form, and the propriety of entering into that respectable fraternity for the purpose of correcting vice, and diffusing knowledge and philanthropy.

But if this institution, according to its original plan and design, be really good, if it be calculated to render mankind social and harmonious; to make them honest, and upright, true to God, and to their country, and to cement them together in the bonds of a virtuous affection; then it will evidently follow, that much care should be taken to prevent so good an institution from being corrupted. Feasts of charity should never be turned into licentious revels; nor temples of friendship into theatres of treachery. And to prevent these, and other evils, to which lodges may be exposed, I beg leave to suggest to the fraternity three things. First, Caution. Secondly, Instruction. And thirdly, Discipline.

First, In regard to the admission of members, much caution will be necessary, that you may not be imposed upon by improper characters. As it is the design of freemasonry to create friendship; to make provision for the relief of poor and distressed brethren; to inculcate a filial reverence for Almighty God; and to encourage those personal and social virtues, which adorn and dignify human nature, and render mankind peaceful and happy; the doors of the lodge must, therefore, be forever barred against the malevolent, the profane, the idle, the seditious, and unruly of every description. For all such persons would prove but spots in your feasts of charity. While feasting with you, and feeding without fear, they would spy out your liberty, interrupt your peaceful intercourse, trifle with your moral lectures, sow discord among your brethren, and thereby bring an evil report upon the society, so as to counteract the benevolent purposes for which it was instituted.

Secondly, to preserve the purity of the order, instruction is necessary. Masters and officers, therefore, should make it their business to pay a particular attention to lecturing. The mysteries of the craft are to be unfolded, and the moral duties inculcated. Masons are not to be trained up in ignorance and vice. Their minds are to be enlarged and improved. They are to be frequently reminded of their obligations to love and worship Almighty God; to acknowledge him as their sovereign lord and master; to keep his name sacred; and to govern their lives by the unerring pre-

cepts of his word. They must be taught to be good men, and true; to be sober, industrious, and charitable, upright in their dealings, and peaceable, and benevolent in all their social intercourse. They are to be taught to walk in wisdom toward them that are without, making a diligent improvement of their time and talents; and having their speech always with grace, seasoned with salt, that they may know how they ought to answer every man. They are to be admonished to avoid political and religious disputes, together with all domestic broils and contentions, that they may live in love and peace, having consciences void of offence, and characters unspotted from the world.

Thirdly, That there may be no spots in your feasts of charity, it will be necessary to attend to discipline.

It is to be expected that unworthy members will sometimes creep into the lodge, notwithstanding all your caution, instruction and exertion to prevent them. And not only so, but persons who were once regular, may grow careless and so yield to sinful indulgences, as greatly to affect the reputation of the order. These things will require discipline. Unruly members must be reduced to order. Superfluities must be lopped off. The first rising of vice must be suppressed. Otherwise the lodge will resemble the field of the slothful, or the vineyard of a man void of understanding, where the stone wall is broken down, and the face thereof is overgrown with thorns and nettles.

But in the exercise of discipline, much prudence will be requisite. Such as have been guilty of a mere indiscretion, must not be dealt with like wilful and notorious offenders, but must be approached with all the kind and compassionate offices of friendship; and if they possess a masonic temper, their sensibility will be affected by such an admonition, and their penitence manifested by a speedy amendment.

Others again, who have grown more hardened in wickedness, and have repeatedly rejected your affectionate remonstrances, you must approach with earnestness, trembling for the reputation of the craft, and snatching them as brands from the burning. But if they will not suffer themselves to be reclaimed either by your gentle, or more zealous exertions, after having exhausted upon them in vain, every experiment of reformation, you must remove them as so many spots and nuisances, from the society."

LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

THE BACHELOR'S ELYSIUM.

Mr. Oldschool,

I passed an evening lately in company with a number of young persons, who had met together for the laudable purpose of spending a merry Christmas; and as mirth exercises a prescriptive right of sovereignty at this good old festival, every one came prepared to pay due homage to that pleasant deity. The party was opened with all the usual ceremonies; the tea was sipped, the cakes praised, and Sir Walter Scott's last novel criticised; and such was the good humour which prevailed, that although our fair hostess threw an extra portion of bohea into her tea-pot, not a breath of scandal floated among the vapours of that delightful beverage. An aged gentleman who happened to drop in, at first claimed the privilege, as "an old *Revoluter*," of monopolising the conversation, and entertained us with facetious tales, told the fiftieth time, of Tarleton's trumpeter, General Washington's white horse, and Governor Mifflin's cocked hat, with occasional pathetic digressions relating to bear-fights and Indian massacres. The honest veteran, however, who was accustomed to retire after smoking one pipe, soon grew drowsy, and a similar affection, by sympathy I suppose, began to circulate among his audience, when our spirits received a new impulse from an accidental turn of the conversation from three cornered hats and horses, to courtship and marriage. The relative advantages of married life and celibacy were discussed with great vivacity, and as there were a number of old bachelors and antiquated maidens present, who had thought deeply and feelingly on the subject, and were therefore able to discuss it with singular felicity, the ladies' side of the question had greatly the advantage. A gentleman who had reluctantly left the card-table to join the

ladies, gave his opinion that life was like a game of cards—a good player was often *eucred* by a *bad partner*—he thought it wise, therefore to *play alone*. “Perhaps,” said a fair miss, “a good partner might assist you.” “Thank you, madam,” said he, “courting a wife is nothing more than *cutting for partners*—no one knows what card he may turn.” My friend Absalom Squaretoes gravely assured us that he had pondered on this subject long and deeply, and it had caused him more perplexity than the banking system, or the Missouri question; that there were several ladies whom he might have had, and whom, at one time or another, he had determined to marry, “but,” continued he, arching his eyebrows with a dignity which the great Fadladeen might have envied, “the more I hesitated, the less inclination I felt to try the experiment, and I am now convinced that marriage is not the thing it is cracked up to be!” Miss Tabitha Scruple, a blooming maid of three score, confessed that, for her part, she was very much of Mr. Squaretoes’ opinion—it was well enough for honest pains-taking people to get married, but she could not see how persons of sentiment could submit to it—“unless, indeed,” she admitted, congenial souls could meet, and, without mercenary views, join in the tender bond—but men are so deceitful, one runs a great risk you know!”

Mr. Smoothtongue, the lawyer, who had waited to hear every other opinion before he gave his own, now rose, and informed the company that he would *conclude the case*, by stating a few points which had occurred to him in the course of the argument. He began by informing us the question was of great importance, and that much might be said on both sides. (“*Twig the lawyer!*” said Squaretoes.) He said that so great a man as lord Burleigh, treasurer to queen Elizabeth, had written ten rules of conduct, which he charged his son to observe and keep next to the ten laws of Moses, and that the very first of them related to the choice of a wife. He pointed out all the unfortunate husbands mentioned in history, from Adam down to George the fourth, and after detailing the relative duties and rights of *baron* and *femme*, as laid down in Blackstone, concluded with sundry extracts from Pope, whose works he declared he set more *store to* than those of any writer in the English language, except Mr. Chitty. He was interrupted by a young lady, who declared that Pope was a nasty censorious old bachelor—so he was. The lawyer replied, that as Mr. Pope’s general character was not implicated in the present ques-

tion, it could not be properly attacked, nor was he called on to defend it—and that, as long as his veracity was unimpeached, his testimony must be believed, which he offered to prove from "Peake's Evidence," if the lady desired him to produce authority. The lady assured him that she was greatly edified by his exposition of the law, and had no desire to see the books—but confessed that though she admired his speech very much, she was still at a loss to know which side he was on. "Madam," said he with great gravity, "I admire marriage as a most excellent civil institution, but have no inclination to engage in it, as I can never consent to tie a knot with my tongue which I cannot untie with my teeth."

These opinions, coming from such high authority, seemed to settle the controversy, and the question was about to be carried *nem. con.* in favor of celibacy, when an unlucky Miss, whose cheeks, and lips, and teeth, reminded one of pearls, and cherries, and peaches, while all the loves and graces laughed in her eyes, uttered something in a loud whisper about "sour grapes," which created a sensation among a certain part of the company, of which you can form no adequate idea, unless you have witnessed the commotions of a bee hive. I now began to be seriously afraid that our Christmas gambols would eventuate in a tragical catastrophe—and anticipating nothing less than a general pulling of caps, was meditating on the propriety of saving my own curly locks, by a precipitate retreat. Fortunately, however, another speaker had taken the floor, and before any open hostilities were committed, drew the attention of the belligerents, by a vivid description of Fiddlers' Green. This, he assured us, was a residence prepared in the other world for maids and bachelors—where they were condemned as a punishment for their lack of good fellowship in this world, to dance together to all eternity. Here was a new field for speculation. A variety of opinions were hazarded; but as the ladies all appeared to regard such a place as a paradise, while others seemed to consider it as a pandemonium. The ladies desired to know whether they would be provided with good music and good partners; and I could overhear some of the gentlemen calculating the chances of a snug loo-party, in a back room. On these points our informant was unable to throw any light. The general impression seemed to be that the managers of this everlasting ball would couple off the company by lot, and that no appeal could be had from their decision. Miss Scruple declared that she had a mortal aversion to dancing, though she would

not object to leading off a set occasionally with particular persons; and that she would rather be married a half a dozen times, than be forced to jig it with any body and every body. Mr. Skinflint thought so *long a siege* of capering would be rather *expensive on pumps*, and wished to know who was to *suffer*. Mr. Squaretoes had no notion of using pumps; he thought moccasins would do; he was for *cheap fixings* and *strong*. Miss Fanny Flirt was delighted with the whole plan, provided they could *change partners*; for she could imagine no punishment more cruel than to be confined to one single beau. Mr. Goosy thought it would be expedient *for to* secure partners in time, and begged Miss Demure to *favour* him with her hand for an *eternal reel*. Little Sophy Sparkle, the cherry lipped belle, who had nearly been the instrument of kindling a war as implacable as that of the Greeks and Trojans, seemed to be afraid of again giving offence; but, on being asked her opinion, declared that it was the most charming scheme she ever heard, and that she would dance as long as she could stand, with any body or no body rather than not dance at all.

During all this time I was lolling over the back of the chair, a lazy habit, which with many others I have caught since my third sweetheart turned me off, and was rolling and twisting the pretty Sophy's handkerchief, (for I can't be idle,) into every possible form and shape. I was startled into consciousness by the dulcet voice of my fair companion, as she exclaimed, "la! Mr. Drywit, how melancholy you are! how can you look so cross when every body else is laughing? pray what do you think of Fiddler's Green?", "I never trouble myself madam, to think about things which do not concern me." "Oh! dear! then you have no idea of going there?" "Not I indeed; I go to no such places." "And not expecting to inhabit the paradise of bachelors it is a matter of indifference to you to know how your friends enjoy themselves?" "No indeed; I sincerely hope that you may caper into each other's good graces, and romp yourselves into the best humour imaginable with the pains and pleasures of "single blessedness;" as for my single self, I intend, unless some lady shall think proper to stand in her own light, to alter my condition." Having uttered this heroic resolution I made my bow and retired. But the conversation of the evening still haunted my imagination, and as I sunk to sleep, general Washington's white horse, Sophy Sparkle, and Fiddlers' Green alternately occupied my brain, until the images settling into a regular train of thought, produced the following vision/

I thought that the hour of my dissolution had arrived, and I was about to take my departure to the world of spirits. The solemnity of the event which was taking place did not affect me, however, as it would have done, had the same circumstance occurred in reality; for my mind was entirely filled with the conversation of the previous evening, and I thought, felt, and died like a true Bachelor. As I left the clay tenement which I had inhabited so long, I could not avoid hovering over it for a moment, to take a parting view of the temple which had confined my restless spirit, and for which, I must confess, I had a high respect. I could now perceive that time had made ravages in the features which had lately been mine, that I had not been aware of while living, and that the frame which had carried me through a stormy world, was somewhat the worse for the wear, and I really felt a joy in escaping from it, similar to the emotions with which the mariner quits the shattered bark that has braved the billows through a long voyage. Still, however, I felt something like regret in quitting my ancient habitation, and was beginning to call to memory the conquests I had made in it, and the seiges it had withstood. When I was obliged to take my departure, I had always thought that spirits flew out of a window, or up the chimney, but I now found that whatever might have been the practice of others, mine was a ghost of too much politeness to withdraw in this manner from a house in which I had been only a boarder; and accordingly I walked deliberately down stairs, and passed through the parlour where several of my female acquaintances were talking of me. The curiosity which we have all inherited from our first mother, would have induced me to stop, had I not recollect that it would be very ill bred in me to listen to the discourse of those who were not aware of my presence, and that, according to the old saw, "listeners never hear any good of themselves." I therefore passed on, but could not avoid observing that the current of opinion was rather in my favour, and that those who allowed me no good quality while living, now confessed that at least I had no harm in me. As soon as I reached the open air, my spirit began to ascend for some distance, and then floated rapidly towards the north. It was a brilliant evening, and as the stars shone with uncommon lustre, I could not help fancying them the eyes of millions of beauties, who having made it their business to tease the beaux in this world, were doomed to light them to the next.

I do not know how long I had been journeying when I

discovered the sea beneath me, filled with mountains of ice, and I perceived that I was rapidly approaching the North Pole. I now congratulated myself upon being able to determine, by actual observation, whether the Poles are flattened as some philosophers imagine, together with other questions of importance to the happiness of mankind. But how great was my surprise when, on arriving at the place, I found that all the philosophers in the world were mistaken, except captain Symmes, and discovered only a yawning cavern, into which I was suddenly precipitated!

I now travelled some distance in utter darkness, and began to be very fearful of losing my way, when I suddenly emerged into a new world, full of beauty, melody, and brightness. I stood on the brink of a small rivulet, and beheld before me an extensive lawn of the richest green, spangled with millions of beautiful flowers. Clusters of trees and vines were scattered in every direction, loaded with delicious fruit. Birds of the loveliest plumage floated in the air, and filled the groves with melody. The garden of Eden, or the Paradise of Mahomet, could not be arrayed by a poetic fancy with half the charms of Elysium.

While I stood enchanted with delight, a strain of music stole along the air, resembling that which proceeds from a number of violins, tambourines, and triangles, and I was not a little surprised to recognise the well known air of "Oh dear what can the matter be!" At the same moment I perceived, a female figure advancing with a rapid motion resembling a *hop, step, and jump*. I now cast a glance over my own person, as a genteel spirit would naturally do at the approach of a female, and discovered, for the first time, that, although I had left my substance in the other world, I was possessed of an airy form precisely similar to the one I had left behind me, and was clad in the ghost of a suit of clothes made after the newest fashion, which I had purchased a few days before my death. I mechanically raised my hand to adjust my cravat, but felt nothing, and sighed to think that I was but the shadow of a gentleman. As the figure came near, she slackened her pace, and struck into a graceful *chasee forward*, at the same time, motioning to me to cross the rivulet, which I no sooner did than I involuntarily fell to dancing with incredible agility. The fair stranger was by this time close to me, and we were *setting* to each other, as partners would do in a cotillion, when she presented her right hand, and *turned* me, as she welcomed me to Fiddlers' Green. I was now more astonished than ever; for although

when I took that lady's hand, I grasped nothing but air—"thin air"—yet she spoke and acted with precisely the grace, manner, and tone, of a modern fair belle. She was exceedingly happy to see me at the Green; hoped I had left my friends well, and desired to know how I had been for the last twenty years; since she had seen me. I assured the lady that she had the advantage of me; that I was so unfortunate as not to recollect my having had the honour of her acquaintance, and that I was totally ignorant of any thing that had occurred *twenty years ago*, as that was before my time. She told me that it was useless to attempt to conceal my age, which was well known at the Green, and equally unpolite to deny my old acquaintance. Upon her mentioning her name, I recognized her as a famous belle, who had died of a consumption at the introduction of the fashion of short sleeves and bare elbows.—Having thus passed the compliments of the morning, my fair companion desired to conduct me to the principal manager of the Green, by whom my right of admittance must be decided, and, offering both of her hands, whirled away in a *waltz*.

We soon came to a part of the lawn which was crowded with company, all of whom were dancing, and I was about to advise my conductress to take a circuitous course to avoid the throng, when she directed me to *cast off* and *right and left* through it, a manœuvre which we performed with admirable success. On our arrival at the bower of the principal manager, the centinels danced three times, *forward and back*, then *crossed over* and admitted us into the enclosure. My conductress now presented me to an officer of the court, who, after *cutting a pigeon wing* higher than my head, led me to his superior. The manager was a tall graceful person, dressed in a full suit of black, with silk stockings, shoes, and buckles; an elegant dress sword glittering by his side, but he wore his own hair, and carried a *chapeau de bras* gracefully under his arm. He is the only person in these regions who is permitted to exercise his own taste in the ornaments of his person. He was beating time with one foot, not being obliged, like the others, to dance; I was informed, however, that he sometimes amused himself with a *minuet*, that step being appropriated solely to the manager, as the *pigeon wing* is to the officers of inferior dignity. On such occasions, an appropriate air is played, and the whole company are obliged to dance *minuets*, to the great perplexity of those ladies and gentlemen who have not studied the graces in the upper world. He received me with a polite bow, and

desired me to amuse myself on the Green for a few moments, as he was not then at leisure to attend to me; by which I perceived that dancing gentlemen are every where equally fond of putting off business.

On my return to the plain, I was attracted by the delicious appearance of the fine clusters of fruit that hung from the trees, and reached my hand to pluck a peach; but I grasped nothing! My fair companion was again at my side, and condescended to explain the mystery. "Every thing you see here," said she, "surprises you. You have yet to learn that marriage is man's chief good, and they who neglect it are sent here to be punished. In the other world we had the substantial and virtuous enjoyments of life before us, but we disregarded them, and pursued phantoms of our own creation. One sought wealth, and another honour, but the greater number luxuriated in idle visions of fancy. We were never happy but in imagining scenes of delight too perfect for mortals to enjoy. The heart and mind were left unoccupied, while we were taken up with frivolities which pleased the eye and ear. In the affairs of love, we were particularly remiss. Its fruits and flowers hung within our reach, but we refused to pluck them. Ladies have danced off their most tender lovers, and many a gentleman has gambled away his mistress. The flurry of dissipation, and the soft emotions of affection will not inhabit the same breast. We were to choose between them, and we chose amiss, and now behold the consequence! We are here surrounded by fruits and flowers that we cannot touch; we have listened to the same melody until it has become tedious; we are confined to partners not of our own choice, and the amusement which was once our greatest delight is now a toil. When alive our fancies were busy in creating Elysian fields; here we have Elysium, and we live that life which maids and bachelors delight in, a life of fiddling, dancing, coquetry, and squabbling. We now learn that they only are happy who are usefully and virtuously employed." This account of the place which I was probably destined to inhabit was rather discouraging; but my attention was soon drawn, by fresh novelties. I was particularly amused with the grotesque appearance of the various groupes around me. As the persons who composed them were from every age and nation, their costumes exhibited every variety of fashion. The Grecian robe, and the Roman toga, the Monkish cowl, the monastic veil, and the blanket and feathers of the Indian, were mingled in ludicrous contrast. Nor

was the allotment of partners less diverting. A gentleman in an embroidered suit led off a beggar girl, while a broad-shouldered mynheer flirted with an Italian countess. But I was most amused at seeing Queen Elisabeth dancing a jig with a jolly cobler, a person of great *bonhommie*, but who failed not to apply the *strap* when his stately partner moved with less agility than comported with his notions. When she complained of his cruelty, he reminded the hard-hearted queen of her cousin Mary and lord Essex. Several of her maids of honor were dancing near her with catholic priests, and I could perceive that the latter took great delight in jostling the royal lady, whenever an opportunity offered. My attention was withdrawn from the dancers by the approach of a newly deceased bachelor, whose appearance excited universal attention. He was a tall, gaunt, hard featured personage, whose beard had evidently not known the discipline of the razor for a month before his decease. His feet were cased in moccasins, and his limbs in rude vestments of buckskin; a powder-horn and pouch were suspended from his shoulders, and a huge knife rested in his girdle. I knew him at once to be a *hunter* who had been chasing deer in the woods, when he ought to have been pursuing *dears* of another description. I determined to have a little chat with him, and approaching, asked him how he liked Fiddlers' Green. "I don't know, stranger," said he, scratching his head. "I'm rather *jubus* that I've got into a sort of a *priminary*, here." I expressed my surprise at his not admiring a place where there were so many fine ladies. "Why as to the matter of that," said he, "there's a *wonderful smart chance* of women here, *that are a fact*, and female society *are elegant*, for them that likes it; but, for my part, I'd a *heap rather camp out* by the side of a cane-brake, where there was a good *chance* of bears and turkeys." "But you forget," said I, "that you have left your flesh and blood behind you." That are a fact said he, "I feel *powerful weak*; but I don't much like the *fixens* here, *no how*; I'm a *bominable* bad hand among women; so I'd thank 'em not to be *cutting their shines* about me." But, my friend, you will have to turn in directly, and dance with some of them." "I reckon not," said he, "if I do, I'll agree to give up my judgment; but if any of them have a mind to *run* or *jump* for a *half pint*, I'd as *leave go it* as not." This gentleman was followed by another, who came in a still more "questionable shape." The police ghosts could not suppress a smile, while the ill-bred burst into peals of ob-

streperous laughter. I easily recognized him to be a *dandy*; and as he, with several other newly arrived spirits, were hastening to the manager's court, repaired thither also, in hopes of obtaining an audience.

(To be continued.)

—
FROM THE POUGHKEEPSIE JOURNAL.

CORSETS.

Mrs. Deshang of Bethany in New Jersey was the mother of three amiable daughters, highly accomplished and beautiful: the young ladies have long been in the habit of lacing as tight as their neighbours: one has become quite infirm, and the remaining two evidently droop. The alarmed parent stated the situation of her children to her old friend the venerable Dr. Galen of Philadelphia, who, soon after the receipt of her note forwarded the following reply.

“MADAM—The case of your charming daughters affects me and my whole experience may be put in requisition to assist them: that they were healthy, robust and fine children, I perfectly recollect, and that their healths are now impaired may perhaps be solely ascribed to themselves. Fashion destroys more females than fevers. From a mistaken notion of bettering the best work of Heaven, the infatuated fair risk health and even life itself. I deem the corset of the present day to be a perfect engine of torture and worthy the Inquisitions of Goa, of Rome, and infinitely worse than the stays of times gone by. These last besure were injurious, but they left the resemblance of a female shape; the corset on the contrary presents the waist as regularly round and untapering as a white lead keg. The olden stays I remember were laced with a silken string of the size of the finest twine, but the corset requires a cord equalling the bow-string of a Kickapoo Chief. The antiquated hoop was of formidable expansion and when first thrown upon the public eye created no trivial sensation—but in itself it was perfectly harmless, there was no compression about it; and the lady abode as safely within its ample circumference as the sentinel in his box. Every dog will have, and every fashion must have its day, the reign of the corset has endured about as long as the reign of Bonaparte, and like the latter fatal enough in all conscience.”

I anticipate the happy period when the fairest portion of the fair creation will step forth unincumbered with slabs of walnut and tiers of whalebone. The constitution of our females must be excellent, to withstand in any tolerable degree the terrible inflictions of the corset, eight long hours of every day, or the horrible total of 175,200 minutes in one year. No other animal could survive it—Take the honest ox, and inclose his sides with hoop poles, put an oaken plank beneath him and gird the ~~whole~~ with a bed cord and then demand of him *labor*. He would *labor* indeed but it would be for breath. Splinter and belay a pig in the same way and a whine might be aspirated, but it would be a whine of expiration.

But I fear I am trespassing too violently on your patience, and in pity to you conclude with the old Caledonian motto, "Spero meliora."

THE FATHER, OR INDIAN MAGNANIMITY.

During the war of 1756, a company of Indians defeated an English detachment. A young officer, belonging to it, was pursued by two of the savages, who approached him with uplifted tomahawks, and seeing that death was inevitable, he determined to sell his life dearly. At this instant, an old Indian armed with a bow, was preparing to pierce his heart with an arrow, but scarcely had he assumed that posture, when he suddenly let fall his bow, and threw himself between the young officer and his assailants, who immediately retired with respect.

The old Indian took the young officer by the hand, dispelled his fears, and conducted him to his wigwam, where he always treated him with the tenderness of a parent. He was his constant companion, taught him his language, and made the rude arts of his country familiar to him. They lived happily together, and the thoughts of home only disturbed the Englishman's tranquility; the old man would at times fix his eyes on him, and while he attentively surveyed him, the tears would start in them.

On the return of spring, however, they recommenced hostilities, and every warrior appeared in arms. The old man, whose strength was yet sufficient to support the tom-

streporous laughter. I easily recognized him to be a *dandy*; and as he, with several other newly arrived spirits, were hastening to the manager's court, repaired thither also, in hopes of obtaining an audience.

(To be continued.)

—

FROM THE POUGHKEEPSIE JOURNAL.

CORSETS.

Mrs. Deshang of Bethany in New Jersey was the mother of three amiable daughters, highly accomplished and beautiful: the young ladies have long been in the habit of lacing as tight as their neighbours: one has become quite infirm, and the remaining two evidently droop. The alarmed parent stated the situation of her children to her old friend the venerable Dr. Galen of Philadelphia, who, soon after the receipt of her note forwarded the following reply.

"MADAM—The case of your charming daughters affects me and my whole experience may be put in requisition to assist them: that they were healthy, robust and fine children, I perfectly recollect, and that their healths are now impaired may perhaps be solely ascribed to themselves. Fashion destroys more females than fevers. From a mistaken notion of bettering the best work of Heaven, the infatuated fair risk health and even life itself. I deem the corset of the present day to be a perfect engine of torture and worthy the Inquisitions of Goa, of Rome, and infinitely worse than the stays of times gone by. These last besure were injurious, but they left the resemblance of a female shape; the corset on the contrary presents the waist as regularly round and untapering as a white lead keg. The old stays I remember were laced with a silken string of the size of the finest twine, but the corset requires a cord equalling the bow-string of a Kickapoo Chief. The antiquated hoop was of formidable expansion and when first thrown upon the public eye created no trivial sensation—but in itself it was perfectly harmless, there was no compression about it; and the lady abode as safely within its ample circumference as the sentinel in his box. Every dog will have, and every fashion must have its day, the reign of the corset has endured about as long as the reign of Bonaparte, and like the latter fatal enough in all conscience.

I anticipate the happy period when the fairest portion of the fair creation will step forth unincumbered with slabs of walnut and tiers of whalebone. The constitution of our females must be excellent, to withstand in any tolerable degree the terrible inflictions of the corset, eight long hours of every day, or the horrible total of 175,200 minutes in one year. No other animal could survive it—Take the honest ox, and inclose his sides with hoop poles, put an oaken plank beneath him and gird the whole with a bed cord and then demand of him *labor*. He would *labor* indeed but it would be for breath. Splinter and bely a pig in the same way and a whine might be aspirated, but it would be a whine of expiration.

But I fear I am trespassing too violently on your patience, and in pity to you conclude with the old Caledonian motto, "Spero meliora."

THE FATHER, OR INDIAN MAGNANIMITY.

During the war of 1756, a company of Indians defeated an English detachment. A young officer, belonging to it, was pursued by two of the savages, who approached him with uplifted tomahawks, and seeing that death was inevitable, he determined to sell his life dearly. At this instant, an old Indian armed with a bow, was preparing to pierce his heart with an arrow, but scarcely had he assumed that posture, when he suddenly let fall his bow, and threw himself between the young officer and his assailants, who immediately retired with respect.

The old Indian took the young officer by the hand, dispelled his fears, and conducted him to his wigwam, where he always treated him with the tenderness of a parent. He was his constant companion, taught him his language, and made the rude arts of his country familiar to him. They lived happily together, and the thoughts of home only disturbed the Englishman's tranquility; the old man would at times fix his eyes on him, and while he attentively surveyed him, the tears would start in them.

On the return of spring, however, they recommenced hostilities, and every warrior appeared in arms. The old man, whose strength was yet sufficient to support the toils

of war set off with the rest accompanied by his prisoner. The Indian, having marched above two hundred miles, at last arrived in sight of the camp of the English and Americans.

The old Indian, observing the young man's countenance, showed him the camp of his countrymen. "There are thy brethren," said he, "waiting to fight us. Be attentive. I have saved thy life; I have taught thee to make a canoe, a bow and arrows; to surprise an enemy; to manage the tomahawk, and to carry off a scalp. What wast thou when I first conducted thee to my wigwam? Thy hands were like those of a child; they served neither to support nor defend thee; thou wert ignorant, but from me thou hast learned every thing. Wilt thou be ungrateful, and in order to recommend thyself to thy brethren, lift up the hatchet against us?"

The young Englishman protested that he would rather a thousand times lose his own life, than shed the blood of one of his Indian friends. The old warrior then covered his face with his hands, bowed his head, and after remaining some time in that posture, he looked at the young man, and said to himself in a tone mixed with tenderness and grief, "hast thou a father?" "He was living," said the young man, "when I left my country." "Oh! how fortunate is he, cried the Indian; and after a moments silence, added, "knowest thou that I have been a father? I am no more such! I saw my son fall in battle; he fought by my side; my son fell covered with wounds, and died like a man! but I revenged his death; yes, I revenged it."

He pronounced these words in great agitation, his whole body trembled; his eyes lost their usual serenity, and his signs could scarce find a passage from his heart. By degrees he became more serene, and turned towards the east; the sun had just then risen, he said, "young man seest thou that beauteous luminary, which spreads its resplendent light? Does it afford thee any pleasure to behold it?" "Yes," replied the young man, "the sight adds new vigour to my heart." "Ah; thou art happy, but for me there is no more pleasure," said the old Indian, while the tear rolled down his grief worn cheek. A moment after he showed him a shrub in bloom; "seest thou that beautiful plant?" said he, "hast thou any pleasure in beholding it?" "Yes, great pleasure," replied the young man. "To me it no longer yields any;" hastily observed the old warrior; and then conclu-

ed with these words. *Begone, hasten to thy own country, that thy father may have pleasure in beholding the rising sun, and the flowers of the spring.*

FEMALE HEROISM.

In the beginning of the year 1810, when the French army blockaded the Isle of Leon, with a view to the capture of the important city of Cadiz, but was checked by the timely arrival of some British troops, commanded by Major-General the Hon. Sir William Stewart, a detachment of soldiers and seamen, under the orders of Captain M'Lean, of the 94th regiment of foot, were sent to occupy Fort Matagorda, which stood on a point of land in the vicinity of the French Cantonments; and with the opposite Fort Pontales, commanded the entrance of the inner harbour. The possession of Matagorda was of no little consequence to the British, as it enabled them to prevent the enemy erecting batteries on a point from whence they could bombard the town and shipping. The French, on finding their operations against Cadiz thus impeded, determined to gain possession of the fort; and accordingly they speedily raised batteries, mounting 21 pieces of cannon, and 8 mortars, and from the manner in which these were placed, the Fort could only bring seven guns to bear on them. About two o'clock on the morning of the 21st of April, they commenced by attacking a Spanish ship of 64 guns, and some gun-boats, which were moored close in shore, on the right flank of the Fort, and with hot shot soon obliged them to sheer off. They then directed the whole of their fire against the Fort, which was returned with spirit and evident advantage. During this tremendous flight of shot and shells, a female, the wife of Serjeant Reston, of the 94th, who was with her husband in the Fort, undauntedly remained upon the ramparts, (although repeatedly urged to go below where the place was bomb proof,) rendering the most prompt assistance, by carrying cartridges, &c. from the magazine to supply the guns, mixing wine and water to refresh those who were exhausted, assisting in conveying the wounded to a place of safety, and binding up their wounds.

On the morning of the 22d. the ammunition being nearly expended, Captain M'Lean directed the firing to cease until a supply arrived; and, unwilling to hazard the lives of his men, of whom a great number had already fallen, or

dered all to retire to the barracks, with the exception of the sentinels. During this interval, the enemy, perceiving that a breach had been made, concluded that the British were about to abandon the Fort, and despatched a strong column of infantry to take possession of it. On the approach of the enemy, our gallant countrymen stood to their arms, and with them our heroine, who, seizing a boarding pike, calmly awaited the assault, determined to share the glory of victory or die by the side of her husband. Three guns being loaded with round and grape shot, the French were suffered to come within two hundred yards of the ramparts, when the guns were pointed with such precision, that in a moment one third of their number lay stretched on the marsh, and the remainder went to the right about in such haste that they tumbled quite over one another, retreating in the greatest confusion till they got under cover of their batteries, although their officers made every effort to rally them, but in vain.

The batteries again opened on the fort, and a quantity of ammunition having been received, the fire was returned with redoubled vigour. But the place was fast tumbling into ruins, and after having done all that Britons could do, it was judged prudent to evacuate it. Accordingly, after sustaining this unequal contest for thirty hours, and losing one-half of their number, the brave defenders of Matagorda were brought off by the boats belonging to the British squadron, and the place blown up by order of General Graham. Our intrepid heroine, who, during the whole of this tremendous conflict had excited the admiration of the detachment, fortunately escaped unhurt; she is now living in Glasgow with her husband. For his gallant defence of the Fort, Captain M'Lean was promoted to the rank of Major, and, I am happy to observe, has now attained that of Colonel. I have not heard that Mrs. Reston received any reward for her services; but the amazonian spirit she displayed on this memorable occasion is worthy of record, and will bear a comparison with any similar event recorded in ancient or modern times.

JUVENILE EXERCISES,
FROM THE LEXINGTON FEMALE ACADEMY

AUTUMNAL REFLECTIONS.

Didst thou not see that yellow leaf,
Which, trembling, hangs on yon high bough?
Canst thou not hear the whistling wind,
That lures it from its station now?
And see, in eddying circles round,
It wavers sinks, and meets the ground!

Dost thou not see that lovely flower,*
Which shrinks beneath the chilling blast?
It spreads its glories for an hour,
Then, closing, dies; its hour is past,
And, in that flower, no longer we
The slightest trace of beauty see.

Dost thou not see that withering rose,
Which, in the sun-beam, looks so pale?
And mark, the cruel gust, that throws
Its fragile petals on the gale!
And wilt thou, canst thou, dare to say,
Thou still shalt live, though all decay?

That yellow leaf is fearful age,
Which, trembling, views the approach of death;
That lovely flower is tender youth,
Which ah, too soon resigns its breath.
That fading rose, an invalid,
Who, patient, waits the death decreed.

B. T. A

*The Morning Glory.

A RIDDLE.

I often am called to advise
Those rascals, whose wish is to cheat,
But I find them so wickedly wise,
They blame me, when misfortunes they meet.

The epicure, fond of good cheer,
Invented a dish of great fame;
'Tis terribly hot, to be sure,
And *that* quality gained it my name.

Ladies say they do not like me, 'tis true,
For my phiz is the color of soot;
But OTHELLO was dark coloured too,
And *I* own a kingdom to boot.

But, though I am not very handsome,
I've a knack of attracting mankind,
And, as I accept of no ransom,
My domains, are well peopled, *you'll find.*

B. T. A.

TO MRS. P*****.

On the death of her little daughter, by a girl of 12 years old:

The bud that blooms so fresh and gay,
And spreads its charms at opening day,
Will be the first to droop and die,
And fade heneath the admiring eye.

So fair and lovely bloomed your pride,
So has your darling drooped and died,
Jesus has called her to his arms.
And there she rests in angel charms.

Then, cease fond parent, cease those sighs,
And dry those sadly streaming eyes,
'Tis God afflicts, to 'im then raise
With heart submissive, songs of praise.

What though your child in dust be laid,
Think not her soul can there be stay'd,
With seraph wings behold it rise,
To realms of bliss beyond the skies.

MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

Two of the Lodges in Lexington have adopted a resolution, which appears to us admirably calculated to promote the interest of the craft. According to this resolution, a portion of every stated meeting is to be devoted to a LECTURE or ADDRESS on the *Great Principles of Masonry*, to be prepared and delivered by some brother previously selected and appointed by the Lodge for that purpose. The course is to be commenced by the present Worshipful Master of each of the Lodges referred to, and we take this opportunity to notify the fraternity that on MONDAY EVENING, February 10th, at 7 o'clock an address will be delivered before Daviess Lodge, No. 22, by W. brother JOHN F. JENKINS and on the Saturday evening following (Feb. 15) at the same hour, an Address will be delivered before Lexington Lodge, No. 1, by W. brother JOSEPH L. MAXWELL. It is hoped that the meeting will be numerously attended, and that the example thus set by these two lodges will be extensively followed.

We deem it not improper thus publicly to announce, that at the meeting of Daviess Lodge No. 22 held Jan. 13th 1823 it was unanimously resolved, after due deliberation and careful investigation of certain charges and specifications, that JABEZ VIGUS, a shoe-maker, late of Lexington, be EXPELLED from all the benefits and privileges of masonry, for grossly immoral and un-masonic conduct.

At a quarterly communication of the *Grand Lodge of Ancient Free Masons of South Carolina* held at the Grand Lodge Room, Brother Seyle's, on Friday evening, 13th Dec. the following Brethren were duly elected Officers of the Grand Lodge, for the ensuing year.

M. W. John S. Cogdell, G. M.

R. W. Isaac M. Wilson, M. D. D. G. M.

F. W. Henry H. Bacot, S. G. W.

V. W. William Waller. J. G. W.
 M. Rev. Frederick Dalcho, M. D. G. C.
 W. Charles S. Tucker, G: T.
 W. Edward Hughes, R. G. S.
 W. I. A. Johnson. M. D. C. G. S.

APPOINTMENTS.

W. Peter Javain, } S. G. D.
 W. Samuel Seyle, }
 W. James C. Norris, } J. G. D.
 W. John Innis, }
 W. Richard Pearce. G. Marshal
 W. Benjamin Phillips, G. Pursuivant.
 Brother Robert Shand, G. Tyler.

FROM THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

LITERARY.

We have on hand a work which will shortly appear in our columns, entitled "Female Masonry of Adoption," a translation from the French; comprising the different degrees of Apprenticeship in the first degree, to the Perfect Mistress in the fourth degree, in the sublime mystery, containing descriptions of the forms, &c. practised in the Female Lodges, instituted in France and Spain, from which it would seem that masonry is not confined entirely to the lords of creation, but that the lovely part of the human family, with the insignias, jewels, &c. are rising to a level with man, in mysteries and secrets of a Masonic Fraternity. A work of this kind, we think, cannot fail of being interesting to all Free and Accepted Masons in our country, as well as to the female part of community.

The MASONIC REGISTER, a monthly work published at New-York, by brother LUTHER PRATT, has again made its appearance after a suspension of nearly a year in consequence of the ill health of the Editor. Arrangements are now made for its regular publication.

THE
MASONIC MISCELLANY,

AND

LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1823.

No 8.

A MASONIC ORATION,

Pronounced before the Companions of Webb Royal Arch Chapter, No. 6, and the Brethren of Land-Mark Lodge No. 41, at Versailles, Kentucky, on the 27th day of December A. L. 5822; being the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, by companion INNIS T. HARRIS.

COMPANIONS AND BROTHERS,

HIGHLY gratifying as it was to my feelings, and flattering to my pride, to be selected as your organ on this occasion; yet it is with unfeigned and trembling diffidence I enter upon the discharge of the task you have assigned me. Conscious of the magnitude of my subject, and of my own inability to rise to its level, I should sink without an effort, did I not know that if I fail to please, it is not your practice to condemn; did I not know that it is not expected of a timid and newly fledged bird to soar like the veteran and daring eagle above the clouds, and gaze undazzled on the Sun.

Do any here, who have not crossed the sacred vestibule of Masonry, enquire what has called together this assemblage of individuals, distinguished by their dress from the rest of the community? We answer; if recalling to mind the virtues of those who have been the ornament, "the mark, and model of their times," be generally productive of a spirit of emulation; if honour and respect be due to the memory of the sainted dead; if the feelings, which prompt a household, upon one day in each revolving year, to assemble around their family altar, to commemorate the birth of a departed friend and benefactor, and drop the tear of gratitude to his memory, are such as do honor to our nature; then are we drawn together by motives the most praise-worthy. We have as-

V. W. William Waller. J. G. W.
M. Rev. Frederick Dalcho, M. D. G. C.
W. Charles S. Tucker, G: T.
W. Edward Hughes, R. G. S.
W. I. A. Johnson. M. D. C. G. S.

APPOINTMENTS.

W. Peter Javain, } S. G. D.
W. Samuel Seyle, }
W. James C. Norris, } J. G. D.
W. John Innis, }
W. Richard Pearce. G. Marshal
W. Benjamin Phillips, G. Pursuivant.
Brother Robert Shand, G. Tyler.

FROM THE LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

LITERARY.

We have on hand a work which will shortly appear in our columns, entitled "Female Masonry of Adoption;" a translation from the French; comprising the different degrees of Apprenticeship in the first degree, to the Perfect Mistress in the fourth degree, in the sublime mystery, containing descriptions of the forms, &c. practised in the Female Lodges, instituted in France and Spain, from which it would seem that masonry is not confined entirely to the lords of creation, but that the lovely part of the human family, with the insignias, jewels, &c. are rising to a level with man, in mysteries and secrets of a Masonic Fraternity. A work of this kind, we think, cannot fail of being interesting to all Free and Accepted Masons in our country, as well as to the female part of community.

The MASONIC REGISTER, a monthly work published at New York, by brother LUTHER PRATT, has again made its appearance after a suspension of nearly a year in consequence of the ill health of the Editor. Arrangements are now made for its regular publication.